BRITAIN'S MAGNETIC PREMIER SKETCHED AT FIRST HAND

Lloyd George Can Sway Individuals as Readily as Crowds to Whom He Orates

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

VISUALIZE a short, stiff set man, with an inclination to stoutness, but nervously vital in every action, a broad, deep forehead with rather unkempt gray hair, a face mobile but with lines of merriment in it; notice above all the eyes bright, darting, occasionally grave but generally twinkling humorously—such is the Prime Minister of Great Britain to the glance.

But hear him speak in the House of Commons, as I have heard him speak for a quarter of a century, and more. The House is small and dim in aspect and the green leather benches are packed—packed to overflowing, with men squatting in the gangways and clustered behind what is known as the bar.

And standing at the table before the Ministerial bench is David Lloyd George answering his critics casually, almost conversationally, evidently with no preparation, certainly with no attempt at oratory. There is, at first, a little raggedness of manner, even slovenliness in phrase. As, however, he gets "into his stride" this disappears. With earnestness comes lucidity in diction. The personality of the man asserts itself. You are gradually conscious that he is exercising a fascination over his audience. He speaks clearly, explaining a situation in deft, illuminating language, turning aside for a moment to drive a shaft of ridicule at one opponent, delivering a sarcasm which makes another opponent blush uncomfortably, suddenly slipping into brilliant simile which could only be begotten in a poet's imagination and then, pale, quivering with intenseness of feeling, his voice low, rhythmic, with the soft Cymric cadence of his native Welsh hills, holding the brain and captivating the heart, he achieves his triumph.

I have seen the House of Commons, restless, turbulent, shouting angry things, ready to tear the Prime Minister in twain. But Loyd George faces his enemies with a smiling determination, and he wins. He believes in his own star.

It has been my lot to have heard many of the great statesmen of the world, Gladstone, impressive and profound; Woodrow Wilson, austere and idealistic; Balfour, the great master of dialectical finesse; Roosevelt, blunt and domineering; Chamberlain, shrewd and as clean cut as a crystal in eloquence; Clemenceau, all fire; Parnell, reserved, slow mannered but clear seeing; the great Salisbury, sonorous but sane in the world outlook; the whirlwind Hughes of Australia; most of the famous preachers. But with thirty-five years experience of public men I can recall no one with more magnetic power, not only over crowds, but over individuals, which is a more important thing, than Mr. Lloyd George, who in his time has been the best hated and best loved man in the British empire.

There is a well nursed belief in the United States that no one can make progress in English public life unless he has influence or is related to the nobility. There never was a greater mistake. Mr. Lloyd George springs from what the story book would call "humble parents"; he was brought up by an uncle; he was first a clerk and then a lawyer—and to-day he is the first citizen in the whole British empire and he reached that position because it was the will of the English democracy.

The leader of the House of Commons, Mr. Bonar Law, was a Glasgow iron merchant before he took to politics. Mr. Asquith is the son of quite middle class people in Yorkshire. Sir Eric Geddes was a railway employee; George Barnes, Minister of Labor, was a working engineer; even the Lord Chancellor of all England, Lord Birkenhead, 44 years of age and looking a boy, started life as Frederick Smith, the son of a not very successful real estate agent at Birkenhead, the name assumed by his brilliant son when he was made a peer. Men of aristocratic birth do not attain high position because of their birth; they reach there, however, like Mr. Balfour, because of their qualities. And there is nothing to hamper the determined man, with no lineage, from attaining the highest office in Great Britain. Indeed most of the men who have the control of the British Empire to-day started their careers on the lowest rung of the ladder. And the most striking example is Mr. Lloyd George.

I remember him well in the early days of his political career when, having done fairly well as an attorney in a little Welsh town, his ambitions became political and he at last found himself a member of Parliament. He was a slim, dark haired man in those days and, not being well to do, lived with his family in one of the cheaper suburbs of London. He was not much of a speaker; he was labored in manner and was not very original. Like most Welsh M. P.'s he was an advanced Radical, a supporter of Home Rule for Ireland, an opponent to the Established Church of England (he is a Baptist), an antagonist to the House of Lords, an advocate of all which goes by the description of progressive democratic legislation.

He did not spring into fame; his journey toward public recognition was long and delayed. But I recall how in those times, when debates were dull and the House was near empty, Lloyd George used to sit for hours in his corner seat listening even to the dreariest men and studying his fellows—and it is knowledge of men, quite as much as his energy and eloquence, which has been the cause of his success. I first met him at a little dinner in the House of Commons twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago. He made a remark across the table which I have always remembered: "The best way for an unknown politician to become known is to attack a big man. He will get many knockdown blows, but he must jump up and continue the attack and never cease. Then the public will take notice of him."

That remark I think was part of a conversation about the way Lord Randolph Churchill had achieved notoriety by his persistent and relentless onslaughts on old man Gladstone. Mr. Lloyd George followed the same tactics toward Joseph Chamberlain, then the doughtiest fighter and strongest Minister in Parliament. It was at the time of the South African War. The Welshman was opposed to that war; he was among those called pro-Boers and was anything but popular with the mass of Britishers. He was denounced as a traitor to his country. I have heard men proclaim that he ought to be shot for delivering seditious speeches.

But the fierceness of his Welsh spirit was aroused. Night after night he attacked the Colonial Minister, as Mr. Chamberlain then was. He "found himself" as a speaker. He was vituperative, bitter; his words hissed and stung, and while the House raged with anger "Joe" lay back in his seat, his eyes closed, his sharp features alabaster in hue, pretending not to take the slightest notice. He was a master of invective himself, and often did he swing the lash around the shoulders of the member for Carnarvon. This did not daunt Lloyd George; it spurred him. He never held up in the fury of his criticism.

Then he developed a new vein, the deadly power of sarcasm. As I write I can almost see him, in a half crouching position, his words soaked in vitriol, jeering, scoffing, piling ridicule on ridicule, arousing shouts of laughter at his cruel wit and wild protests against the unscrupulousness of many of his innuendoes—and all the time Chamberlain lay back as heedless as a mummy.

His Attacks on Chamberlain.

Though tremendously sincere I fansy Lloyd George enjoyed the hate he aroused. He daringly went to preach anti-Chamberlainism in Mr. Chamberlain's home town, Birmingham, where "Joe" was worshipped. This was too much for the people of Birmingham. They threatened to lynch Lloyd George. They broke up his meeting and he only escaped the fury of the mob by getting away disguised as a policeman.

When the South African War was over Mr. Lloyd George still pursued Mr. Chamberlain. Chamberlain launched his scheme of tariff reform to induce England to abandon her free trade policy and adopt a policy of protecting British industries by the imposition of a scientific tariff, slight against British Dominions and heavy against foreign countries which tried to bar British goods by tariff walls—indeed a policy of retaliation.

Lloyd George was one of the chief free trade protagonists. Although the Liberal and Radical parties were of the same mind he was the man who did most in combatting Mr. Chamberlain and his principal weapon was always ridicule and sarcasm. Of course he was denounced as a demagogue, as a tickler of the groundlings, as an unscrupulous and unpatriotic little Welsh lawyer, as a fellow unworthy the attention of serious minded men.

When in 1906 the Unionists were defeated and the Liberals took office England laughed when it was announced that Mr. Lloyd George was to be president of the Board of Trade. What did he know about trade—a man so unmethodical that he didn't know how to attend to his own correspondence! The appointment was treated as a joke; even his friends could not help smiling behind their fingers.

Yet he "made good"; he made very good. First the amiable Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was his chief, and when "C-B" died and Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister Mr. Lloyd George took the second office in the Government, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Soon he became a more dominant figure than Mr. Asquith. He proceeded to revolutionize taxation, loading burdens on the land owners. Political foes saw in him a dangerous character. The advanced school of politicians saw he was a kindred soul to themselves. Half the country hailed him as a demigod; the other half spat out his name as a vicious setter of class against class.

His speeches in those days were all fire and fury; he was after the scalps of the wealthy; his language was often insulting. A notorious speech of his at Limehouse, in the East End of London, led to the coining of the word "limehousing," meaning rudeness and vulgarity in debate.

"The Classes" Against Him.

I remember the scene in 1910 when he introduced his dramatic budget in a speech lasting over four hours, which sounded the knell of the old order of domination, a wonderful, courageous, defiant oration, in the midst of which he broke down from mere physical exhaustion. There was a titanic struggle. All the "classes" were against the little Welshman. The House of Lords came near to smashing the Constitution. But he won.

The storm broke anew when he advanced his national insurance bill, a plan of compulsory insurance against unemployment, the main cost of which fell upon employers, whether they were manufacturers or householders who employed "help." In all my political experience I cannot remember any measure which set the whole of England by the ears as this compulsory insurance. There were leagues formed to deliberately defy the law. Again Lloyd George won.

He had the "masses" with him. But in every other circle his name was objurgated. One never went to a dinner party without the conversation turning to Lloyd George, to his brutality of speech, his mountebank caperings, his crime in advancing antagonism between different sections of the community, his evident purpose to rob everybody who had money and bring about the speedy ruin of industrial England. Some of the more sedate members of the Government Liberal party wagged their heads at the way "L-G" was setting the pace; but the more advanced wing of the party, the Radicals, the strong body of trade unionists, the Socialists, saw in him the instrument to bring their dreams to a realization.

Mr. Lloyd George gained his power by an alert knowledge of the drift of public opinion. Soundly democratic in instinct, he was not tied to any hoary political formula. The requirements of to-day and to-morrow was the work of statesmen and not the adaptation of modern needs to any principles of half a century ago.

In one sense it may be said he had no principles; in another sense it can be said he had the best of principles, a sympathetic warm heart for all suffering, a determination that the toiler and the indigent aged were deserving of fullest consideration, a real affection for small nationalities, including his own of Wales, a hatred for sham and privilege. His methods were swift and sometimes crude; but he was always sincere. And he always won.

Then Came the War.

Then came the war. When Germany threatened France the British Cabinet was divided in those tremulous days of late July, 1914, as to what course England should pursue. The majority was in favor of jumping to the aid of France. There was a strong minority, however, which hesitated, which held that the policy of Britain was that of non-intervention. It should be remembered that the Opposition in Parliament had long been preaching for preparedness against Germany, whose naval and military preparations were interpreted as a menace to Great Britain. The Liberals, particularly Mr. Lloyd George, had jeered at the Tories who saw "phantom armadas" crossing the North Sea to invade England. There were hours—we lived in momentous hours in London—when it looked as though there was going to be a ghastly schism in the Cabinet. Then Germany was guilty of the unparalleled crime and folly of outraging the neutrality of Belgium. In a moment the British Cabinet was united. The indignation of my countrymen was aflame. Britain served forty-eight hours notice on Germany to get out of Belgium. As she did not it was Britain which declared war on Germany.

Impulsive, chivalrous, passionate under a sense of wrong to the weak, Lloyd George's hesitation changed to a fury of wrath against Germany. What happened later—Germany's subterfuge, her lying, her disobedience to the ordinary rules of humanity, her sins against the defenceless—accentuated his fervor. His speeches throughout Britain were like the speeding of the fiery cross.

Great Moment in History.

It was a great moment in the history of the world—and it was a mighty occasion in the career of Lloyd George. Before the war he had been scorned as a Little Englander. Swift circumstances made him the Great Englander, and, as I believe history will prove, gave hi mthe opportunity of becoming the greatest man in the world, for, notwithstanding the services to mankind by other statesmen, notably Woodrow Wilson, it was the sagacity, shrewdness and keen knowledge of affairs and men shown by the British Prime Minister at the Peace Conference in Paris, which welded into actuality the hopes and ambitions of civilization.

When Britain, almost quixotically, declared war on Germany, she was absolutely unprepared for a great military expedition on the Continent. Her army was insignificant and not well furnished. What troops there were hastened to France, and facing overwhelming odds, the heroic but bloody retreat from Mons was the result. At the outbreak of hostilities Lord Haldane was Minister of War, but as he was supposed to have had German sympathies, indeed in a peace time speech he had declared Germany was his "spiritual home," popular clamor both removed him and led to the appointment of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum in his place. Kitchener was the idol of the man in the street. His name was a magic slogan in raising a voluntary army of nearly 4,000,000 men before Britain adopted conscription. But Lord Kitchener was not a success as Minister of War. The task of "running the whole show" was too much for him; yet he was averse from delegating authority. There was muddling; there was insufficiency of shells; there were dark days when we were near our last shot.

Britain Unprepared at First.

Most of the Cabinet stood in fear of Kitchener, for the public, not knowing the truth, adored him. Lloyd George had no fear of Kitchener, nor indeed of any man. I have heard the whisper that there were stormy scenes between them when the Cabinet met at 10 Downing street. Lloyd George did not care a rap about the reputation of the individual. He has never had any solicitude for the feelings of anybody who seems to be blocking the way to what he considers to be the right course. He is appreciative, constantly eager to meet men who can assist, generous in his praise, ready to place immense powers in the hands of men whom he believes in, but he will readily fling a man aside if he fails expectation.

It would be a cruel thing to say there would have been a tragedy to British arms if Lord Kitchener had remained dictator of the army as he practically was when he went to the War Office as Minister. It is, however, not too much to say that it was Mr. Lloyd George who by his fearlessness avoided the possibility of tragedy. He contested with Kitchener in the Cabinet, and the upshot was—long before Kitchener's lamentable death—that many of the duties of War Minister were delegated to other men. Mr. Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions.

Here another vein of the genius of the man revealed itself—organization. He called captains of industry together, got them into groups of munition production, rearranged profits, rearranged wages, provided that the Ministry should "control" hundreds of the greatest concerns. He called to him men who had been his political opponents. He was frank with them; he got frankness and service in return. He did not dictate or dominate. He got the best out of men by letting them know he had confidence in them, and when he told them what the country wanted they did it.

It took months before the whole of Britain was converted into a giant munition factory. Nothing was made which was not absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the war. We British are a self-deprecatory people; we often made jokes about our own lack of organizing power. Yet to our own amazement we developed a nearly complete machine of war organization, providing munitions not only for our own army but for our allies and for America. And the force behind it all was Mr. Lloyd George.

When it was seen advisable to have a coalition on national government, Mr. Lloyd George worked with his old enemies, Mr. Balfour, Bonar Law, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner. He was instrumental in getting trade unionists to relax some of their rules so that patriotic amateurs could work at the same benches with the trade unionists. When, owing to increased cost of living, there were demands for higher wages and threatened strikes, Mr. Lloyd George hastened down to the disturbed areas and secured a settlement. When compulsory military service was mooted there was the possibility of a revolt among English workingmen. It was Mr. Lloyd George's speeches which reminded them of the path of honor.

He was the clear thinking, strong man, and though he was always willing to conciliate war weary and war racked men he never stood any nonsense. Many of his old associates thought he was drifting away; they did not like him hobnobbing with Tories and capitalists; perhaps he showed too much love for the empire to suit them. Anyway much distrust about his future as a Radical politician began to manifest itself. One of the causes of this was that practically everybody with whom he was formerly in antagonism, the landed classes, the capitalists, the middle classes, who inclined to the Unionist party while not accepting his political doctrines, recognized him as the man to win the war. Those who had cursed him a few years before became his enthusiastic boosters.

All this time Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister. He was Mr. Lloyd George's chief. Mr. Asquith is a man of high dignity and noble attainments. But a feeling gradually spread throughout the country that as head of the Government he was not showing the necessary "punch"—and the war was dragging on into years. All his colleagues had not the same tremendous energy as Mr. Lloyd George. Some ought to have been displaced, and he did not displace them. A belief grew up that he did not use the spur sufficiently.

Evidently Mr. Lloyd George came to the same conclusion. I have heard some people say he plotted Asquith's overthrow. That is nonsense, except that he slowly and reluctantly came to the conclusion that Asquith, high principled though he was, was not the man to stimulate a tired and torn nation to the supreme effort. No doubt Mr. Lloyd George thought he himself was the man. There was no personal quarrel; but Lloyd George, as months went on and the war was indecisive, recognized that Asquith must cease to be Prime Minister. The time came when he must present an ultimatum: either he or Asquith must go. Asquith, like the courteous English gentleman he is, adopted the only course possible to avoid a conflict. He resigned.

Becomes Prime Minister.

Lloyd George became Prime Minister. He was hailed with a shout by the vast majority of the British people. But the old Liberals were angered. They had great esteem for Asquith and they alleged there had been foul play, and that Lloyd George had been a traitor, not to his country but to his old colleagues. Mr. Asquith has never made a word of complaint. At the new year there was a general election in Britain. Many of Lloyd George's old friends were now his enemies. At the polls Lloyd George had the greatest victory that has ever come to any British statesman. The Asquithians, the extreme Radicals and the Socialists were utterly routed. Mr. Asquith himself was defeated in a constituency which he had represented in Parliament for thirty years.

Lloyd George rides upon the storm. When the seas are tempestuous and the waters would engulf other men he mounts waves and directs them. Thus it would seem that circumstances have carried the British Prime Minister from a minor politician to a great imperialist.

Emotional and Celtic, he is influenced by the flood of public opinion, but in turn his personality has power over public opinion. He has the tenacity of a bulldog when he is convinced he is in the right. But he never concerns his mind about non-essentials. Sometimes he is accused of yielding where he is expected to stand firm, and it is said that he is an opportunist. I suppose he is an opportunist, but in the best meaning of the word; he makes use of opportunity; he will make any number of concessions until it would appear he has given away his case. He hasn't. He does not care who has the labels so long as he gets the goods.

And he is always gay humored, always with a twinkle in his eye, always gaining his way with an air of genial fellowship toward those who disagree with him, serious in great matters but never taking himself too seriously. In the midst of grave crises, when it would be imagined such a statesman would be closeted with his principal advisers, you will read in the newspapers that Mr. Lloyd George spent yesterday playing golf at Walton Heath.

The supreme qualities of "L-G" were shown during the Peace Conference. His characteristics are entirely different from those of Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau. Mr. Wilson has world views and is granite in conviction. M. Clemenceau thinks chiefly of France, is known as "the Father of Victory" by his countrymen and in forensics is called "the Tiger."

America's President and France's Prime Minister have esteem for each other. But as both of them are adamant in their disposition, both with an inflexible spirit, it was in the very nature of things that frequently they would clash.

Those of us who were in Paris during the Peace Conference were constantly hearing stories of the two men reaching an impasse. I would not say, because somebody would probably contradict me, that if it had not been for Mr. Lloyd George the conference would have broken up during the first weeks, due to apparently irreconcilable differences. Yet it is now a matter of current history that when there was a deadlock it was invariably "L-G" who found the way out.

Again his personality, a mixture of amiability and astuteness, played a part. He was never irreconcilable. Persuasiveness, sweet reasonableness, concession, with the constant reminder that the world would never forgive the Big Five if they lacked unanimity, were his weapons.

The consequence was that frequently the outside world could not understand him. The people of Britain sometimes thought he was lacking in firmness; it leaked out that he was not always backing France and the Parisian newspapers became critical; possibly in America there were some folk who thought that Lloyd George was too cunning for Wilson.

He was not cunning; he was truly sympathetic toward France; he never lost sight of the rights of the British Empire. But he knew that the conference was not for the domination of any one Power and that the very essence of agreement was concession.

Sometimes I used to meet him after he had a day of talk with Wilson and Clemenceau and over a cup of tea and a cigar he would be light hearted and anecdotal. The conference has left its mark on other men. Lloyd George is as cheerful as a boy, but always behind the smile and the laughing eyes is the calculating, weighing, accommodating brain, swift in the grasp of great problems and alert in devising solutions. In this respect it may quite be said that the peace treaty was a Lloyd George treaty.

What of his future? In British politics has he got so tied up with the Unionist party that he will have to abandon his old principles? Is he moving in a direction which is alienating him from the British proletariat and will the industrial classes sweep him from office and power at the next general election? These are the questions I am often asked in the United States.

Well, a great many of his present supporters are men who were formerly antagonistic, and it is unquestionable that many men who accepted him as their champion in days gone by are now bitterly opposed to him.

But it must be borne in mind that in England the war destroyed the old political barrier; that foes and friends have for years been united in the same national cause; that although it is inevitable there will be rival camps the causes of dispute will be far other than the old problems; that the majority of the British people have no use for extremists whether of the reactionary or Bolshevist type; that many of the most ardent social reformers are to be found in the Unionist ranks now serving under Lloyd George; that there is growing up in the United Kingdom a great middle class party, level headed, progressive, democratic to the core, a mass of quiet but determined public opinion that faces the issues of the future with clear eyes—and there is no better evidence of this than the wonderful work, so little heralded to the outer world, but so pregnant in useful consequence, now being done by the British Ministry of Reconstruction.

Mr. Lloyd George is adaptive. He has a double sight in anticipating how the wheel of events will turn. He has no political principles in the manner of being chained to antiquated dogma. The expedient course is the right course. He seizes occasion on the wing. His gaze is ever turned forward. His heart is big and it is kind. He wins men to him by his fascination. When other men see only a bog of troubles before them he sees the gleaming hills ahead. He finds the way for accomplishment. And when he speaks in that silver, undulating, cadenced Welsh voice of his, illuminating in phrase, rippling with mirth, tragic when drawing a picture of sadness, the mighty audience will laugh and weep and be under his spell.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain will have his ups and downs. Gusts of dissension will buffet his career. But he knows where he is travelling; he sights his goal and nothing can shake his pertinacity. He is 56 years of age, still comparatively young as the age of statesmen counts in England. He is not the kind of man to be cast derelict on political shoals, and he will continue to play a great part during the next quarter of a century in moulding the destiny of the British Empire. He has confidence in himself.

Didn't Leap Into Fame, but Doggedly Fought His Way, Selecting Joseph Chamberlain as a Suitable Antagonist

Latin-Americans Now Invading the Opera

AT LAST a South American has broken into the ranks of the Metropolitan Opera Company. For a long time Americans have heard about the wonderful opera productions in the Latin American countries, especially those given in the Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires. The greatest of artists have sung in that famous palace of music, and all who have been able to survive the criticisms of the exacting Argentines feel they are able to sing anywhere in the world and be received in a most cordial manner. Such great artists are Caruso, Titta Ruffo, Tetrazzini, Bori, Scotti, Rosa Raisa, Dolci, De Luca, Amato, Galli-Curci and a host of others have won their operatic spurs in Latin America before coming to the United States. Edward Johnson and Carlo Hackett, two American tenors, have made most favorable impressions upon the music-living public south of the equatorial line. For years Latin American—like this country—depended entirely upon the song birds of Europe for all musical entertainment. But that day has passed in this country. American singers now successfully invade Europe, and our own opera houses take pride in exploiting American singers, even though the managers come from abroad. South America has now awakened to the fact that there are many good voices in that part of the world and is now taking utmost pleasure in developing its musical talent.

The first South American singer to come to this country is Renato Zanelli, a young barytone. He is a native of Valparaiso, Chile, his parents being among the most wealthy in his country, engaged in the nitrate business, which he and his brother have inherited and still carry on. As it is the custom with all wealthy families, especially those in society, to have a box or be subscribers to the opera, the young man was brought up in a musical atmosphere. From boyhood he had a good voice, but at any time he expressed a desire to cultivate it his parents objected. They had planned his career, and like most obedient children he was bound to accept it. After finishing school in Chile he was sent to the university in Switzerland, where he studied foreign business methods and commercial law. For fifteen years he travelled in Europe, during which time he studied the languages. He speaks French, Italian, German and English. Upon his return home he took a regular law course, graduating with high honors. He then engaged in the big business enterprises left by his father. But with it all the desire to sing still held a greater part of his attention, and he felt that if he could succeed in going on the opera stage it would inspire others in his country to follow his lead.

With a big business on his hands Zanelli found time to study with Angelo Querzi, a well known Italian tenor and teacher. In two years time he made his debut as *Valentine* in "Faust" at the Teatro Municipal, Santiago, with great success. At the close of the season he went to Buenos Aires, where he made two concert appearances in the Teatro Colon. Caruso, upon hearing him, advised him to come to New York and sing for Gatti-Casazza. While in New York Andres De Segurola, the well known basso, became interested in him and coached him in several roles, which he will sing during the coming season.

While Zanelli claims that singing is his hobby he by no means has lost interest in business life. During his stay here he has been studying business conditions and hopes to apply many American methods upon his return home. He feels that trade between the two countries should be on a larger scale. He says: "South Americans try to understand the Americans and want to do business with them, but then American merchants and manufacturers should not forget that business methods in foreign countries differ, and they must learn that customs do not change in a day. Chile is a very wealthy country and is in need of development. It has the natural resources and is a fine field for Americans." Mr. Zanelli is mixing business with pleasure finds it a wonderful success. He likes New York and is anxious to see all the principal cities in the country before returning home for a visit. But he comes here as a singer and until he makes his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House will continue in his pleasures—that of studying new roles which is taking up most of his time.

How Poison Is Used to Extract the Gold

IT will probably be surprising, to the average reader to learn that the material and assured success of more than one great gold field of the world is due to the assistance of one of the most deadly poisons known to man. The chemist plays no small role in the world's drama, and it is not too much to say that he is the magician of the modern gold mine.

On the great gold field of the Witwatersrand, in the Transvaal, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, nuggets remain, as they have ever been, a dream, whatever the experiences of the "forty-niner" of California or the "fossicker" on Australian El Dorados may have been. The golden lure that made Johannesburg the most cosmopolitan of cities in Africa is nowhere visible, while its actual existence is only evidenced by unsightly belching smokestacks and mountainous masses of "tailings," or fine white sand. It is with these latter, or rather with their evolution, that it is proposed to deal in this short exposition of a deadly poison's active but beneficial influence.

The nature of the gold deposits of the Rand is such as to render most of the individual mines anything but paying propositions under systems, at one time at least, found perfectly feasible in other parts of the globe. There, on the Ridge of the White Waters, whence comes at least one-third of the world's wealth, visible gold is a thing of the past, and the precious metal is hard held in what may be termed an iron hand; for not content with imprisoning it in mere crushable stone Nature has still further secreted her gold in what is known to geologists as iron pyrites. In these tiny shining specks, which to the uninitiated seem the "real thing," the life pursuit of millions is contained, and no amount of crushing will extract it. It is here our friend the chemist comes upon the scene with his stuff, three drops of which solution would suffice to kill a man.

Not all gold, however, is so tenaciously held, and to obtain this from what is known as the "free milling" ore the rock is beaten under mighty iron stamps weighing 2,000 pounds each until—in a fine sand and mixed with water—it is poured in a muddy flood over copper plates covered in mercury (quicksilver). These catch up the "free" gold, leaving the still water borne sand to be carried away in little wooden canals or flumes until in huge vats capable of holding hundreds of tons it is collected in order to undergo "medicinal" treatment.

Now while the water is being drained off the vats a word about the origin and nature of this mysterious agency which liberates gold almost as quickly as it can destroy the life of man and beast. As a salt in beautiful snowy cubes it is known as cyanide of potassium and is a salt of hydrocyanic acid, or prussic acid, the well known swift and deadly poison. Quantities of the cyanide having been dissolved in water to an approved strength, the solution is poured upon the sands in the vats until they are submerged by a few inches. The cyanide solution immediately begins to exercise its functions by attacking the gleaming pyritic crystals and eating out the imprisoned gold so that what previously looked like a collection of diamonds under the microscope now presents the appearance of furnace slag.

After a few hours of this treatment the gold is, almost to a grain a ton, in solution, and, deadly as ever, this is run through pipes into long, narrow, partitioned extractor boxes, the compartments of which are filled with fine zinc shavings. As is seen by the brisk bubbling of hydrocyanic acid gas which ensues, the gold is rapidly taken up by the zinc, which discolors and "rots," ultimately becoming a thick black sludge resembling nothing so much as filthy river mud. But what precious mud!

At the end of the month the flow of solution through the boxes is temporarily stopped and the unaffected zinc is removed, and after the addition of alum or lime has cleared the coal black liquid the pure solution is carefully siphoned off as close as possible to the muddy deposit—which, be it remembered, is gold and not to be trifled with. This literal "pay dirt" is then scooped up into pans and left to dry for a time, after which is is placed in a calcining furnace on a thick iron plate heated to a cherry red. This is to burn off the zinc which has succumbed to the chemical action of the cyanide, and after very careful raveling with iron rods for the purpose a cholocate covered powder remains. Here we have the long suffering gold in another form. The powder is then drawn off with much care—for it "dusts" very easily and there are better ways of breathing an atmosphere of gold—and, being mixed with due proportions of clean sand, carbonate of soda and borax, is placed in plumbago crucibles and subjected to the fierce heat of 1,000 degrees which the smelting of gold demands.

THE MOTIONS OF PLANTS.

ONE of the chief distinctions between vegetable and animal life is that animals have power of choice and of voluntary motion, while vegetables and plants grow only mechanically by natural law. But the microscope seems to show that many vegetable forms can move as easily as can animals.

There is a plant called Volvox globator, so minute that millions of it could be put in a wine glass, which is seen to whirl like a top across the field of the microscope. Some plants found in our ponds, which are still more minute, move habitually, as with an apparent purpose.

Scientists who have given closer study than others to climbing plants state that these seem to exercise the liberty of choice. Their tendrils, in climbing over pieces of wood with holes, will try one hole after another until they find one that pleases them. One investigator saw a tendril withdraw itself after having located itself in a hole for thirty-six hours.